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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLI. No. 52 MONTREAL, DECEMBER 28, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Another Year.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee. —Waif.

('Girl's Own Paper.')

A Request.

Dear Friends,—As the dawn of another year approaches, we would ask our subscribers' co-operation with us in our efforts to extend the influence of the 'Messenger.' The 'Messenger' already enjoys the largest circulation of any religious and home weekly in the Dominion, yet we believe it has a mission to many thousands of homes in Canada that only await a personal word on the subject from a neighbor, to gladly open their doors to its weekly visits.

It is but a little thing to show your 'Messenger 'to those about you, particularly those who have but recently settled in your vicinity, and to speak enthusiastically to them of its merits. Often your efforts will be rewarded by receiving a new subscriber, and at least, you will have the satisfaction of having planted seed that will bear fruit at some other time.

With every confidence that our subscribers will continue to advance the 'Messenger's' strengthened power from ocean to ocean, we wish one and all a Happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours Sincerely,
JOHN DOUGALL AND SON.

The Years Depart.

The years depart—
And when the way is dreary
Sometimes the heart
Is, for a moment, weary.

But years are fleet,
The dreary hour goes by us.
With joy we greet
The blessing drawing nigh us.

The time is swift,
And fleeting joy and sorrow;
The heart uplift
To hail the coming morrow.

So speeds each year.
But our God changeth never;
And He is near,
And careth for us ever.

—Anita Stuart.

Beyond the Curtain.

The life which we are living now is more aware than we know of the life which is to come. Death, which separates the two, is not, as it has been so often pictured, like a great thick wall. It is rather like a soft and yielding curtain, through which we cannot see, but which is always waving and trembling with the impulses that come out of the life which lies upon the other side of it. We are never wholly unaware that the curtain is not the end of everything. Sounds come to us, muffled and dull, but still indubitably real, through that veil from mortality to immortality, it seems as if we heard its light footfalls for a moment after the jealous curtain has concealed it from our sight. As each soul passes, it almost seems as if the opening of the curtain to let it through were going to give us a sight of the unseen things beyond; and, though we are forever disappointed, the shadowy expectation always comes back to us again, when we see the curtain stirred by another friend's departure. After our friend has passed, we can almost see the curtain, which he stirred, moving tremulously for a while, before it settles once more into stillness. Behind this curtain of death, St. John, in his great vision, passed, and he has written down for us what he saw there. He has not told us many things; but he has told us much; and most of what we want to know is wrapped up in this simple declaration, 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.' I think that it grows clearer and clearer to us all that what we need are the great truths, the vast and broad assurances within which are included all the special details of life. Let us have them, and we are more and more content to leave the special details unknown. With regard to eternity, for instance, I am sure that we can most easily, nay, most gladly, forego the detailed knowledge of the circumstances and occupations of the other life, if only we can fully know two things—that the dead are, and that they are with God.—Phillips Brooks.

A Child in Church.

(By P. W. Roose.)

Wee Nettie sighed: the varying hour
Of prayer and praise was past,
But could her patience' utmost power
The sermon's length outlast?

A thousand turns of limb and thought
Scarce served to speed the time,
While of stray sentences she sought
To fashion sense or rhyme.

And as she thus with anxious care
To goodness made pretence,
She shed all round her, unaware,
A heaven of Innocence.

Now touched by some familiar strain,
Or of her play sufficed,
She watched where, on the pictured pane,
Amid the babes sat Christ.

She marked how gentle was His air,
How bright His robe of blue,
And wondered if, had she been there,
He would have blest her too.

Her father's fingers, one by one,
She had with toil ungloved,
And her small hand its place had won
Within the palm she loved.

Close in the palm she loved it lay,
And on his shoulder broad
She leaned, while as from far away
The voice spake on of God.

Awhile her lids their droop withstood,
In one brief dream-while more
With those dark Eastern babes she stood
By Galilee's sweet shore.

The living Christ amid them smiled,
Beside them flowed the sea,
His look of love allured the child,
And drew her to His knee.

His hand was on her head, her cheek
To His was fondly prest,
And bliss too strange for tongue to speak
O'erflowed her little breast.

The waves to music changed their sound,
The sea fled up the aisle:
'Twas daddy's arm held Nettie round,
Her waking met his smile.

O happy child! the Christian's creed
Is hers by right of birth,
Whose human father is indeed
Christ's shadow upon earth.

—'Girl's Own Paper.'

How it would revolutionize life if we could agree to have one day a year for murmuring and complaining, for letting out the floods of pent-up annoyances and grudges and slights, and be thankful the rest of the time! How much better than to try to be thankful one day by law, and grumble by impulse for three hundred and sixty-four! Let to-day sound a thankful note to ring through the year.—M. D. Babcock, D.D.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

The latest reports from our Orphanage, Dhar, Central India, are most encouraging. On Sept. 30th five girls and seven boys were baptized; the boys all wished to change their heathen names, as one of them expressed it, 'We want to leave all that behind.' The new names selected were Joshua, Daniel, Nathaniel, Lazarus, and three Hindu names meaning 'Servants of Love,' 'Ever Happy,' and 'Merciful Love.'

At the examination in September, the girls came out very successfully. Owing to the outbreak of the plague in Dhar, most of the people fled from the city, thus greatly reducing the work in the Hospital, and giving Dr. Mar. O'Hara some spare time, which she devoted to preparing the girls for the examinations. To her earnest efforts on their behalf much of their success must be attributed. Six of them passed the Lower Grade Teachers' Exam., three the Higher Grade Teachers, and of the last three, two also passed the Lower Grade Bible Women's Exam. Prizes (little jackets) were given to all these girls by Dr. Mar. O'Hara. The examiners stated that in Biblical knowledge they came out ahead of all competitors. Spiritual, as well as intellectual, the growth is very marked amongst them, and they are contented and happy. Just now they are much interested in learning knitting and crocket. The boys are doing well. As an incentive to earnest study those who have attained a certain standard in Hindi are being taught English, in which they are making good progress. These very satisfactory reports will greatly cheer and stimulate all those who have taken a practical interest in these children, little waifs rescued from the verge of starvation and untold degradation, and we trust many more will become helpers in this work for the Master.

The Industrial Fund.

In response to our appeal of Nov. 23rd, for funds to enable the native Christians of Dhar to secure State work, which has been offered to them, the receipts up to Dec. 4th amount to $121.25, besides several promises, so we think this is a good beginning towards the $3,000 we are trying to raise. We trust many are bearing this great opportunity for these poor people in mind, and that we shall hear from them shortly. The native Christians, utterly degraded and polluted according to caste rules, find the greatest difficulty in making a living, so by helping them in their hour of opportunity we shall be fulfilling the injunction 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Contributions, with addresses, should be sent to the Sec.-Treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society, Mrs. Crichton (A. S.), 142 Langside St., Winnipeg, who will be happy to give any further information desired.

'New Year, what have you brought us,
Gifts for good or ill?'
'Take your choice,' he answers,
'Be it as you will,
Sorrows borne with patience
Benisons impart,
But there are no blessings
For a thankless heart.'

How Jack Hart Won His Company.

We regret that the story published in the 'Messenger' of Dec. 7, under the above title, was not credited as it should have been to the 'Sunday at Home.'

A New Year's Suggestion.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the holiday preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your holiday subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

On request a gift card will be sent as above with each subscription.

DON'T MISS THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE NEW SERIAL IN THIS ISSUE.

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

It was Sabbath morning. The midsummer glory was over all. Midsummer scents and sounds filled the genial air, and the melodious music of the Netherborough bells, wafted across field and brook and garden, fell upon the ears of the church-going towns-folk as a fitting accompaniment. Never since they left the moulds of the bell-foundry had they given forth mellower music than on that Midsummer Sabbath morning, full fifty years ago.

That, at any rate, was the opinion of old Aaron Brigham, as he left his little cottage on the Spaldon Road, and bent his steps towards 'Zion Chapel.'

Try to get a good look at him. See, he doffs his new felt hat respectfully as the Vicar passes by. The vicar has a warm, hearty greeting for his aged parishioner, though he is going like a stray sheep to the conventicle yonder. Mr. Bartley knows old Aaron well, and admires and respects him; and Aaron, staunch Nonconformist as he is, never bends his head in 'Zion' without offering a prayer for the Vicar in his desk and pulpit, that God will 'help him from on high, an' give him a good tahme while he leads his congregation i' prayer, an' praise, an' while he breaks to 'em the bread o' life.'

Aaron's locks, long and thin, silky white in texture and in color; and, in the light of the midsummer morning, it is not any great stretch of fancy to imagine a halo round them, and sure I am, that never a saint in his calendar could have carried his coronal more fittingly than he. The old man is tall in stature still, though the burden of his fourscore years has bowed him somewhat. His step is wonderfully firm and steady, and with the aid of his 'trusty staff,' he can get over the ground a good deal more quickly than some of his contemporaries, who are twenty years his junior.

Just as old Aaron was nearing his destination, he was met by a little maid of some six summers, or seven at most. She came bounding towards him, as with an absolute certainty that a loving reception awaited her. She was very poorly clad; the boots upon her feet were so worn and broken that they were scarcely deserving of the name, and her little frock was but 'a thing of shreds and patches.' It was an old young face, painfully pinched and pale, that looked up into the old man's eyes; but the glad smile that beamed all ove; it at the sight of him, brought out an innocent beauty that sorrow had failed to kill. The little fingers that twined around the horny hand of the aged patriarch were rough, and red, and swollen, with such labor as never ought to be the hap of so wee a toiler. The old man bent low and kissed her, then lifted her in his arms, and kissed her again, as he said:

'Why, Kitty, my bairn! My sweet lahtle Kitty. What's browt thoo here this mornin'? Is tha' goin' te t' chapil wi' me?'

Kitty looked at her ragged frock, and broken boots; and as the smile left her face, she shook her head sadly, and heaved a half sigh, half sob, and dropped her curly little head on the old man's shoulder.

'Niver mind, lahtle lassie!' said Aaron tenderly, patting her back in soothing fashion. 'I might ha' knoan. Nivver mind. Thoo can say thy prayers at home, can't tha'? What hez tha' cum for, Kitty?'

'Only to see you,' she whispered lovingly, and folding her little arms around his neck, she kissed him again and again and again.

Then she gave him to understand that the interview was over, that her object was attained, and climbing down from her sweet resting-place, she hastened away, as fast as her wee legs could carry her, to the mean and miserable shelter which she called 'home!'

'Poor lahtle Kitty!' said Aaron to himself, as he entered the Chapel.

The Master of the House, and He alone, knew how earnestly, how lovingly, how pleadingly, Aaron Brigham prayed that morning for 'lahtle Kitty,' for her 'feyther,' and her 'home.'

Aaron had a 'good time' at Zion that morning. His heart and soul were filled with strong sympathy and desire for another's well-being, though the other was only a ragged maiden from the street. That is worship such as our Elder Brother dearly loves and owns; and the Jewish proverb is true, my masters, true as the dear love of Christ, 'He that prays for another is heard for himself.'

There must have been some show of all this in Aaron Brigham's bearing as he strode home with buoyant step and cheerful mien. He was met on the way by two of the towns-folk, George Caffer, the painter, and Philip Lambert, the barber.

'Hallo, Aaron,' said Caffer, with a ready jeer, he had already had to have a 'refresher' at the sign of the 'Swinging Gate,' day of rest though it was. 'Why, where ha' yo' been, man? You should ha' been with us. My word, but it hez been grand. What ha' yo' been doin'? You look as though summat was worth fetchin'; quite blithe like, and lithesome as a young four-year-old.'

'Hey, that you do,' interposed Lambert, with a view to uphold his comrade.

Aaron stood still, drew himself up to his full height, looked down with a serene smile on the two cronies who were trying to draw him out, and said,

'An' so would you if you'd had sense to be where I was, an' to hear what I've heeard.'

'Where? What? Tell us?' said they in a breath.

'I've been to the readin' o' my Feyther's will.'

'O, that's it, is it?' said Caffer, with a sneer, fully understanding the allusion. 'An' how much has He left yo', eh?'

'A hundred-fold more in this present life, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

As the old man spoke, his face bore witness to the wealth of his present legacy, and as he lifted his eyes to the cloudless heavens overhead, the silenced listeners felt that he had 'a good hope through grace' of the bequest of glory that would fall to him by-and-by.

'Good mornin', neighbors,' said Aaron, as the shallow pair passed onward; 'an don't forget that your names are in the will.'

'Phil,' said George Caffer, as they sauntered homeward, 'there must be something in it after all.'

'Aye, lad,' quoth Lambert, not without a certain reverence in his tone, 'if there was more Aaron Brighams about, there would be fewer "septics," as they call us. But the bulk on 'em isn't up to sample, an' their faith shakes hands wi' their works so seldom, that I for one think precious lahtle about either.' Then there fell upon them a spell of silence as they turned to watch the aged 'preacher of righteousness,' until he passed into the little garden which confronted his cottage home.

'Come in, Aaron. Come in. Your dinner's waitin' for yo', an' it's never right to spoil good vitals by lettin' 'em get cowd before yo' eat 'em.'

The dispenser of the invitation just quoted was Esther Harland, the middle-aged and most capable housekeeper, who had constituted herself the keeper of Aaron, as well as of his house, and who fulfilled her self-imposed mission cheerily and well.

'Look here, owd friend,' she insisted, pointing to the well-plenished round table in the middle of the kitchen floor, 'You never had a nicer meal o' meat since the day you wore short frocks, tho' I daresay a worse 'un tasted better i' them days. Cum an' hev it while its warm.'

A smile flitted across Esther's pleasant face as she pictured to herself tall old Aaron in the juvenile garb referred to, and laying her hand on his arm, she gently forced him into the Windsor chair placed ready for him.

'Why to tell the truth, Esther, I was in no great hurry. I was hevin' a good meal o' meat all to myself, standin' among them pratty roses i' the sunshine, an' thinkin' o' what my Heavenly Feyther's preparin'—'

'Preparin',' said Esther, whose mind was set just then on far more material things. 'I should think you could afford to let what's preparin', as you call it, wait a bit till it's wanted, an' take your chance when yo' hev' it o' meking the best o' what is prepared already,—an' that's your dinner. Ask a blessin' on it, Aaron. I feel a bit sharp set myself.'

'O,' said Aaron, dryly, 'that explains it,' and quietly did as he was told, for the old man had a vein of humor in him.

Now it was during this same midsummer month of June, that Netherborough came to be a place of excitement, without parallel in the history of the place. The oldest inhabitant declared that he had seen nothing like it since the day when the big bon-fire was kindled on the market hill to celebrate the final defeat of 'Bonyparty' at Waterloo.

CHAPTER II.

Not even at the 'lumination, as it was called in local history, at the coronation of Queen Victoria, were the people of Netherborough so greatly stirred as now. And yet that was a time. I can remember it, though I was but 'a wee bit bairnie,' at the time. Every window in the town had a lighted candle in it, and many windows had a candle gleaming in every pane. Many of these candles were wax, blue, red, green, yellow, my goodness! and as tall as a walking-stick, and as thick as a man's wrist. The children of the various Sunday Schools had each a medal and a ribbon, and marched through the town, all but bowed to the earth with pride, and then feasted on the fat of the land until they could scarce walk home for the weight they carried. O, but that was a day.

Still, Netherborough had never, never been so profoundly stirred as now. Aaron Brigham himself was as much excited as his juniors.

On the market hill, at the churchyard corner, in front of the Netherborough Arms, and elsewhere, clusters of townsfolk were discussing the news of the day; the news, mark you, news which, after all, was scarcely discussible, for this reason, that it almost took their breath away.

There was to be a York and Netherborough Railway!

It was situated about half-way between the ancient city of York and the thriving seaport of Kingston-upon-Hull. It was a region of large and fertile farms, and its crops of wheat and other cereals were noted alike for quality and quantity far beyond the boundaries of the Riding and the shire. The chronic difficulty was that of transportation—how to get the grain, the roots, the cattle, and other agricultural produce to market, for markets of value and importance were so very far away.

'If we only had a railway,' the town folk said, 'we could compete with all the county,' and they proudly added, 'we could hold a foremost place in the competition, too.' Even while they longed for it, they laughed at the idea of getting it, and honestly thought that to ask for it would be as futile a request as the proverbial operation of crying for the moon.

The French have a proverb to the effect that it is the impossible that happens. It will hardly pass muster, perhaps, for absolute

truthfulness, but in this instance it was true both in substance and in fact, for Netherborough was to have a railway, nay more, it was to have it without the asking. The great Railway King, George Huddlestone, Esq., M.P., had said it, and 'where the voice of a king is, there is power.' In the excited state of the share-markets of that period, speculating thousands said of him, as another crowd of simpletons said of Herod, 'It is the voice of a god, and not of a man,' and the voice had said, 'Netherborough shall have a railway!'

His Railway Majesty never let the grass grow under his feet in those palmy days of his prosperity. In an incredibly short time the Bill had passed both Houses of Parliament; the necessary land-purchases had been made, the contracts had been signed, and on this never-to-be-forgotten day, the 15th of June, 18—, the first sod was to be cut in the field where the Netherborough Station was to be erected, amid ceremonials, festivities, and rejoicings such as Netherborough had never before known.

Old Aaron Brigham, who was quite as excited as his juniors, wandered to and fro among the clusters of curious gossipers who enlivened the streets that morning.

The group of idlers, whose customary gathering-place was at the 'Church Corner,' abutting on the market-place, stood expectant of the old man's greeting; a motley cluster of men with dilapidated characters, whose idle hands were thrust as usual into the pockets of their equally dilapidated garments—votaries of John Barleycorn, every man of them, and every man bearing on his reddened face and ragged raiment the tokens of their debasing servitude to that enslaving tyrant of the town.

'Weel, weel, weel,' said Aaron, pausing as he passed. 'I've never seen nowt like this, lads. To think that I should live to see t' iron hoss come canterin' ower t' Shipham hills, an' galloping under t' Springwell hills, an' nowt to stop it. An' t' Toon Close is to be level as flat as the back o' my hand, an' a railway station is to be built on it. Steam-injuns are goin' to snort an' whistle, an' scream, an' play all sorts o' cantrips where I used to play at rounders well-nigh fourscore years since. To think that I should live to see the day! Folks say that wonders never cease. I think surely they're only just beginnin'.'

'Nay, Aaron, nay; not so fast, owd friend. It hasn't come to that, yit.'

The speaker was Tommy Smart, a loafing 'laborer,' who did not labor except under strong compulsion, and whose smartness was most apparent when somebody asked him to have a glass of ale. A strong, good-looking, and capable man was Smart when he was at his best, which was sadly seldom; and utterly weak, ill-looking, and incapable, when under the influence of the 'curse of Netherborough,' which, alas, was almost all the time.

'It'll tek some time,' continued Smart,' before what you say can happen. Big jobs like new railways can't be done like magic, Aaron; an' mebbe you won't live to see it through. You're a very owd man, you see.'

'Thoo's quite right, Tommy,' said the old man, 'but I expect to see it through for all that. I isn't quite as strong on my pins as I used to be, but I'm worth a good many dead 'uns yet. Not that I'm at all afeeard o' goin' when my time comes. I put that matter into Good Hands mair than fifty years back, an' I can afford to leave it there. They're well-kept that God keeps, and I isn't likely to seek a change. Can thoo say as much, Tom Smart?'

'There, tak' thy change oot o' that, Smart,' said Joe Hepton, with a laugh. 'Still, you know its true, Aaron. You are gettin' owd.'

'Gettin'? Nay, I've gotten owd, an' very owd, but I'll tell yo' what, I'm younger than either of you.'

As the old veteran spoke, he stood upright, struck the end of his stick firmly on the ground, and faced the two men, as if confident that then and there the life within him was sounder, livelier, and wholesomer than theirs.

The cheers of the bystanders gave the old patriarch a unanimous vote, though both Smart and Hepton were his juniors by near fifty years. The old man continued with a dry humor peculiar to him:

'Lads! they don't sell good medicine at the "Red Cow," an' it's you that get's milked, not it, both o' money, an' meals, an' manhood, an' what's left meks even the joys o' John Barleycorn a mighty poor brew. I may live to see t' new railway oppen'd, or I may not, but, at any rate,' he continued, looking meaningly at the bibulous Smart, 'I shall tek' nowt into my inside that puts me to a disadvantage. I reckon that the railway will be finished in a couple o' years, an' I expect that strong ale will hap some o' you up under yon churchyard grass, before my time comes. Hey, poor lads, I do wish you would tak' a turn an' mend!

'Why, you are a wonder,' said Tommy Smart, willing to conciliate, 'there's no mistake about that. You must ha' some magic mixture that keeps you goin'.'

'Right you are,' said Aaron, with a happy smile on his weather-browned face, 'an I'll tell yo' what it is. It's made up o' cowd water an' broon bread, honest work, an' a good conscience afore God an' man. That's the prescription, Tommy. I'll mek' yo' a present on it. It's a magic mixture that will keep you goin', an' keep yo' from goin' to the "Red Cow," or to any other spot where the devil's mixture is always on the tap.'

'That's right, Aaron, that's right. Talk to him for his good. Tommy Smart's a good deal too much of a toss-pot. It will be a good thing well done if you can get him to take a turn and mend.'

The words were spoken by a new-comer, who had appeared upon the scene in time to hear old Aaron's final sentences. His words were greeted by the by-standers with a burst of laughter and applause. There was nothing very witty in what was said; but it was said by Mr. Norwood Hayes, and as that gentleman was decidedly the most popular man in Netherborough, whatever he said was to be received with cheers.

A tall, shapely, even handsome, man, was Mr. Norwood Hayes, eminently intelligent as well as attractive in face and feature. He held a good position in the town as a corn-factor, an agricultural implement maker, and was also great in parochial affairs.

Aaron Brigham did not appear to receive the support of Mr. Hayes with any great amount of gratitude, judging from the quiet way in which he 'looked him over,' and the equally quiet way in which he replied.

(To be continued.)

What the New Year Brought.

(Josephine E. Toal, in the 'American Messenger.')

It was almost midnight. Eunice stood listening at the window. She had turned out the light and thrown up the shade. How pure and white the snow-covered fields looked in the moonlight! Like the first unsoiled page of the New Year, she thought.

'I wonder what the New Year has in store for me,' she said. 'Will it be some great happiness, or will it be a great sorrow? Or will it be only little pains and pleasures?'

The first stroke of a bell sounded clear on the still night air, and then the music of many chimes came ringing across the fields. Eunice turned from the window and knelt by her bed.

'Dear Father,' she prayed, 'make me ready for what Thou dost send. Give me grace to bear the trials that may come with the new Year, and wisdom to meet its perplexities.'

In the breakfast-room on New Year's morning Eunice lingered for a little talk with Grandfather. Turning the leaves of an illuminated calendar, she spoke aloud the question which had been in her thoughts the night before, 'What will it bring to me?'

'Whatever you choose,' said the old man.

'What do you mean, Grandpa? I am not a fairy godmother to bring by magic whatever I may wish.'

'Perhaps not; but remember the years are what we make them. Eunice, child, don't look to circumstances for happiness. Happiness comes first from within. The magic wand is unselfishness. Don't forget, my child.'

The door-bell rang and Eunice flew to answer it, returning with the morning mail.

'Here's your paper, Grandpa, and a letter for me. From Jennie, I know. Such a pretty seal—ten pages—just like her—how nice!' and Eunice settled herself on the couch to read it.

There was silence for a few moments and then she burst forth.

'O, Grandpa, it's the loveliest piece of good fortune! Jennie is going to Washington with her father and mother, and she invites me to go with them. They'll stay until Congress adjourns. All my expenses paid! The capital will be lively this winter, and there'll be no end of good times. Isn't it a rare chance? So much for the New Year! I'll write to-day and accept the invitation.'

Later, as she watched the sun setting in a great red sea of cloud, her brother Fred came in.

'Another letter for you, Sis! I was around by the post-office,' and he tossed her the missive. Eunice glanced at the post-mark and opened the letter a trifle indifferently. She read:

My dear Niece: Your Aunt Sabine is real poorly, I am afraid sometimes she won't get better, she's been sick so long. You know she took a great notion to you when you was here two years ago, and she talks about you often now. It would do her a heap of good to see you again. I thought maybe you'd come down and stay a spell, say through the dead of winter. So that's what I'm writing for. She don't know about it. I wanted to sort of surprise her. Hoping you will come soon, I am your affectionate uncle,

JONAS PARKS.

'Well, I am sure I can't go,' she said to herself. 'Jennie's letter came first and I've accepted the invitation. To be sure, I haven't posted the letter yet, but Jennie will be disappointed if I refuse.'

She stood for a few minutes absent mindedly tearing the envelope into bits. After a while she said half aloud.

'I suppose Uncle Jonas will be disappointed, too, and it won't make so much difference to Jennie. Any of the girls would go to her gladly. But, oh, dear, it's such a chance, and I do want so much to go! Oh, I can't give it up!'

'Oh, I am so miserable! So miserable, when I meant to be so happy! And I've tried to remember what Grandpa said, that happiness comes from within.' In spite of herself, tears of disappointment and vexation wet her cheeks. She dashed them away and sat down in the little rocker for a good think.

'Unselfishness is the magic wand,' The words rang in her ears. Had she been—was she—selfish? Had she been looking to her own pleasure for happiness? Resolutely Eunice cross-questioned herself while the long hand of her watch went round more than once, but when at last she rose to brush her hair, the

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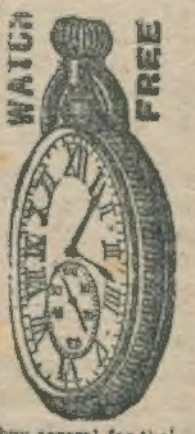

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face that looked at her from the mirror was sweet and untroubled.

The next day a letter went to Jennie Barnes containing a hearty appreciation of the invitation tendered, and an honest reason for its refusal. In the same mail sped on to Jonas Parks another letter which, when it was opened, made that good man's kindly face beam for joy.

'Grandpa,' said Eunice the day following, as she turned the key in the lock of her trunk just packed, 'I think I understand better what you meant by saying it was not wise to depend too much on circumstances for one's happiness. I thought at one time that nothing but a trip to Washington could bring me happiness, but I've been so happy since I decided to go to Uncle Jonas'. I've thought of so many things to do for Aunt Sabina I can hardly wait to get there.'

'Ah, child, you are on the right track now. The New Year will surely bring you what you make of it, dearie.'

A Responsible Boy.

There were six children, though Aleck was pretty well grown. He will never forget that afternoon, no matter how long he lives.' He was left in charge of the little people—his sisters, Alice, Margaret, and Baby Eleanor, and two cousins, Morris and Harriet. The cousins, with their parents, were visiting at Aleck's home, and on this day the grown people went out driving.

'Aleck is entirely responsible,' Mr. Gilchrist, the host said. 'He is to be trusted anywhere. The children will be quite safe.'

'I'm sorry it's Maggie's afternoon out,' Mrs. Gilchrist, the hostess, said. 'Still, it'll not matter, the children are so fond of Aleck. Better keep them in the play-room, my son; you can manage them easier.'

The playroom was in the third story, and especially safe because it had a latticed window, too high for short legs to reach by climbing.

They were very merry. Never such a brain as Aleck's to get up new plays or concoct delightful stories. The baby crowed, and Harriet, the mischievous four-year-old cousin, danced and pranced because she couldn't sit still. It was at the most breathless point of a story—'The fairy stood poised on a lily leaf, an.. Maisie trembled lest she should be turned into a wicked old woman'—that a sound of a door softly closing made them look around, and Morris exclaimed, 'Harriet's gone!'

'Run out and get her!' Aleck started up. But the key was turned outside, and Harriet's bubbling voice called: 'I've runned away! I've runned away! I'll never tum back—any more!'

'Come back! come back!' Aleck shouted. For answer came her merry, defiant laugh, and the patter of feet down the stairs.

'Never mind, Aleck,' said Morris, 'she'll not fall. She goes up and down stairs by herself at home.' But Aleck thought of another danger, to which falling down stairs was nothing. He could not trust himself to speak of it; he must keep cool and not frighten the children. At the extremity of their grounds ran a gorge, a hundred feet deep. There was a stone wall a few yards this side of it, but there was a stile in the middle. If Harriet could go up and down stairs, what was to hinder her climbing over the stile? Suppose—the thought was too horrible!

'Morris, we must get the door open,' Aleck said. 'You help me push.' Together they pushed, setting their feet firm. The door was strong, and the lock held. Something else must be tried, but what? Catching the window ledge, Aleck swung himself up, opened the lattice, and looked down. A gutter ran below at a perilous distance. Three feet from it was the projecting corner of a piazza. If he could reach that, it would be easy to 'shin' down a post.

He dropped back into the playroom. The little girls thought it was a new game, but Morris saw that Harriet's mischief meant serious business. He looked at Aleck with a sort of awe. The latter was thinking. 'There's nothing to answer the purpose, except this rug the children are sitting on. Mother values it, but she wouldn't stop a minute in this case.

'Alice, move over here,' and take baby on your lap.' He had a jack-knife in his pocket, and, with Morris holding one end, he deliberately cut the rug into lengths, hooking them together by slits made far enough from the ends so they would hold. The window had a heavy catch, and to this heh ung the improvised rope ladder. Before slinging it outside he called cheerily:

'Be good girlies. Brother's going down Jack's beanstalk. Take care of them Morris.'

It was certainly perilous. If the rug gave way, he would roll over the gutter and at least break some bones. But Aleck took no counsel with his fears—he thought of Harriet and the gorge. 'Here goes!' It was frightful to swing out so far, past the width of the gutter. He started with too great a swing. 'Keep cool, old fellow!' Stopping his descent, he let himself swing back to the side of the house, then carefully went down. Joy! The rug held, and his feet touched the gutter.

Look up, and not down, my boy! To jump three feet isn't much, but what if there is a gap of twenty feet below you? It was all that, for there was a high basement. Aleck jumped, and landed safe on the piazza roof. Down the post! and down the steps with a rush! Then a run till the wall was in sight.

There was Missy, perched on the top of the stile. If he called or ran she would be sure to skip down the other side; and then—danger quickens wit. Aleck dropped on his hands and knees, and 'bow-wowed' loud and clear. If anything delighted Harriet, it was to ride on Aleck's back when he played dog. She heard, and turned her pretty head. 'Me want to wide! Me want to wide!' and down she scrambled.

'I thought you wouldn't mind the rug, Mother,' Aleck was saying, a little later.

'Mind about the rug!' Mrs. Gilchrist exclaimed. 'I'm too proud a mother to mind if you'd spoiled twenty rugs!'—The 'Morning Star.'

A Thought for the New Year.

Just to be tender; just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through!
Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
Just to be helpful with willing feet.
Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promises ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key—
This is God's will for you and for me.

—'British Weekly.'

EXPIRING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The time has arrived when subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' whose subscriptions terminate December 31st should send their remittance.

For new introductions the 'Northern Messenger' depends upon the kind efforts of its friends who have given their hearty co-operation in the past. We will look for your renewal in good time this year, and for your convenience in remitting you will find in this week's issue an addressed envelope and subscription blank. We would greatly appreciate the addition of a list of new subscriptions at the same time.

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TWO HANDS AND GRANNY

A New Year's Fairy Story

(Mary Lowe Dickinson, in the 'Christian Herald.')

Once upon a time a little boy lived in the Thuringer Wald, alone with his grandmother, and she was very old and very poor. They had a little hut, very brown from the weather, and plenty of wood for the fire in a huge stone chimney. This fire was not to warm them only, though Ulrich, the little boy, used to like to lie on a bear-skin before it and thrust his brown, bare feet so near it that they tingled with the heat. The fire was to keep

'SHE POINTS TO THE DOOR OF THE HUT'

the pot boiling that swung by a hook above the flame. It was a very jolly pot, round and black and shiny, and it did its best to please all the senses of the boy. It always looked kindly at him when he came in cold from gathering fuel in the forest; it tried to sing to him, and succeeded in humming and sputtering and bubbling quite a tune. Sometimes the cover bobbed up and down, and kept time to the tune, which seemed to say:

'Heigho ho! got a good supper! Sup, sup—got a good supper!' And when its song was true, it pleased Ulrich's sense of taste as well as that of sight and smell, and many a savory stew it gave him made of wild rabbit's flesh; and always it bubbled and sputtered and sang:

'Porridge, porridge! there's a little more porridge,' even when they had no meat.

But there came a day, it was the last day of the year, when the pot bubbled, and scolded, and fussed, and Ulrich thought as he came in wet and hungry, that it was trying to say:

'Something very good, something very good,' when in truth it was sighing, 'Nothing very good, nothing very good,' all the while. Then Ulrich peeped in, and lo! there was nothing at all in the pot but water.

'Is there no meal in the chest, Granny?'

'Not a handful, Ulrich.'

'And is there no money in the bag, Granny?'

'Not a groat, Ulrich. The carpet-weaver did not pay me for the last rug I made.'

'I will go down the mountain and ask him,' said Ulrich, putting on his sheep-skin coat.

'Not to-night, Ulrich,' said Granny. 'The storm is too wild; the stream will be like a torrent. I should be too anxious about you, and you must wait till the morning.'

'But you have no supper, Granny.'

'There is left half a loaf, and there is milk from the goat. It is enough, and if the storm continues the fairies will bring us enough to last till it goes by.'

Ulrich laughed as he took off his coat and threw himself before the fire. 'I should like to see the fairies once, Granny. You have always been telling me about them, but I think the only fairies that ever helped us are three, and I know their names.'

'What are they?' asked Granny, pleased to divert him from his hunger.

'Right Hand, left Hand, and Granny. The third fairy is the best of all,' and he smiled up into the kind old face, as he went to and fro, laying the cloth as neatly as if they had a feast instead of a bit of bread.

'But the Granny would have been a poor enough fairy if it had not been for your own two young, strong hands. Never mind, boy, some day those two fairies will take care of the old one.'

'That they shall,' said Ulrich, sipping his goat's milk and leaving most of the bread.

'Eat, boy, eat!' said the old woman, pushing the loaf toward him.

'Not I, Granny. Do I need bread to sleep on? To-morrow I go down the mountain, and I shall need it then for strength,' and he put more logs upon the fire, and lay down on the hearth to watch the flames and the shadow, as he liked to do before he went to bed.

As he lay there Granny went to sleep and began to snore; the fire began to fade, and the room to grow dark, when suddenly Ulrich's attention was drawn to the pot, which gently swung above the dying coals. As he gazed he saw the lid gently lifted, and two shining eyes peered at him from within. Too frightened to speak, he stared while the eyes twinkled kindly, and the pot-lid lifted itself and rose till it rested an inch or two above the rim. When it suddenly looked no longer like a rim, but like a hat, which made a sort of background for a woman's lovely head—the head to which the shining eyes belonged, and

'I AM A RICH MERCHANT,' ULRICH,' HE SAID.

which rose higher and higher, bearing the cover with it into the air. After this head came, smooth, white arms, not yellow and wrinkled, and scrawny and begrimed with work like Granny's, but beautiful arms and white hands, that took the poker from the corner, and he saw it change under her touch into a silvery wand, with which she pointed to the door of the hut.

So bewildered and delighted was the little mountaineer with the delightful vision that he would not turn his head to see to what she pointed with the wand, but he held his breath, and bent his attention to hear what she seemed to be saying, for her rosy lips kept smiling and moving, as if in speech.

At last he drew nearer. The round, black pot was now all hidden by the gray, mist-like drapery that wrapped the lovely figure, while golden slippers shone through the gray ashes on the hearth. As he crept near, he distinctly heard a sweet voice say:

'I am queen of good fairies, and I like the

'THE SNOW-COVERED FIGURE OF A MAN'

two fairies that you use to keep you on in life. Right Hand and Left Hand are strong, good fairies, and, both together, they can do wonderful work for me; for all my fairies work to help themselves, and then to help all others who are in trouble or pain. Will you let your two hands work for me?' and Ulrich, who had never dreamed of anything so lovely in his life as this beautiful figure and face, stretched out both his hands as if to offer them to the service of his Queen.

'Remember, then, that the best way to serve me and yourself is never to lose a chance to serve others,' and, suddenly lifting her wand and pointing to the door of the hut, she said:

'Open! Open the door!'

Springing forward suddenly to obey her, Ulrich awoke with his hand upon the latch. He had been dreaming, but again through his head rang that cry:

'Open, for pity's sake, open the door.'

He threw it back, and there staggered, fainting, across the threshold, the snow-covered figure of a man. Ulrich helped him to the fire, took off his cloak, brushed the snow from his hair, and hurried to bring him the cup of milk and the last morsel of bread. Soon the traveller was sufficiently recovered to explain that pressing business had taken him over the mountain, but that the bridge was destroyed, over the swollen current, and he had lost himself in the snow. 'In trying to find another place to cross, I saw the light through your window,' he said, 'and I made my way to your step, where I should have frozen to death if you had not heard me beg you to open the door. I called a great many times.'

'I was dreaming,' said Ulrich, 'and I heard your voice in my dreams.'

'And what were you dreaming?' asked the man who was now seated, warmed and comfortable, before the fire.

'Of the fairies,' answered Ulrich, blushing, and then, with a little coaxing he told the stranger of his little talk with Granny, and his dream of the Fairy Queen who hid in the empty pot, and before Ulrich finished, the man had guessed the story that he did not tell, how often the pot was empty, and how often Granny and Ulrich went supperless to bed. The next morning, Ulrich guided the stranger to the ford, and went with him down the snowy mountain path, often supporting the weary man by his two strong young hands. Not a word had either said of breakfast, but Granny had slipped in Ulrich's pocket the last little crust left the night before, and when he found it there he blushed, and offered it to the man.

'No, no, my son!' said the stranger, kindly, 'when we get to the village, we will go to the inn and see what the fairies have provided in the way of a smoking breakfast. I should not wonder if they had left a basket of something there for you to take back to your grandmother.'

Thus satisfied about Granny, Ulrich went on, his mouth watering at the prospect of something savory and smoking hot.

And while they sat at breakfast, at which the landlord himself waited upon them, as if his guest were a very great man, the stranger said:

'I am a rich merchant, Ulrich, and since my wife and my only boy died, I have lived in the city alone. I should like to have a good boy about me, and I want the attention and care of two kind fairies, Right and Left Hands. Tell Granny that if she will come and keep the house for me, you shall come and help me in my business, and I will teach you how to do all parts of it, as I was going to teach my son. Take these pieces of gold to her for your journey. I know the Queen of Fairies, too,' he added, laughing; as Ulrich gazed at him, and then at the round gold pieces, in wide-eyed wonder; 'and she wants your two hands to be used for me.'

* * * *

I have no space to tell you more of Ulrich's life, only you may be pretty sure he went climbing up to his mountain home as glad and happy as ever a boy could be. Of course, they gave the goat to a poor woman in the village, and locked the cabin door, and went to the great town; only there was one thing that Granny would not leave behind, and that was the old porridge pot that had always fed her boy. And Ulrich was very glad to have it go, too, and when he grew up to be a prosperous and happy young man, and had a share in his master's business, he used sometimes to coax his aged grandmother to make him a savory stew in the pot that he always called the pot of the Fairy Queen.

Stella's Prize.

Stella May was well known as the prettiest girl in the school, the most clever in her class, and the tidiest, neatest little maiden who had ever been known; and yet I cannot add that she was a favorite with the teachers or schoolfellows, for she had such an air of conceit and a look that always seemed to say,

'Of course I am pretty—of course I am good,
And better than others must be understood!'

Now, to be pretty, clever, and well behaved we must all own is very charming, but few people quite know how little even all that goes towards earning love, either from God or our fellow creatures. He says, 'Blessed are the meek!' and again, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit!'

Alas, pretty Stella seldom had a thought in her lovely golden head except of pride, and satisfaction over how she looked, what she had learnt, and the way she behaved.

This was plain to all who knew her, and slowly but surely everyone began to show a coolness and sometimes an actual dislike towards the girl, who might have been so popular with her beauty and talents if only she had learned the value of a humble mind and thought for others less gifted than herself.

One day (which Stella was to remember all her life) there was the greatest excitement in the school, for a certain gentleman, known all over the world for his genius and magnificent poems and his wonderful knowledge of human nature, sent word to Madame Mely, the head schoolmistress (whom he knew when he was young), that he was coming to have a chat with her young folks, and to give a few prizes to those he thought the most clever and deserving!

Never had Stella been so excited or looked so lovely as during the hour when this man, whose very name she loved, talked quietly and smilingly to them all, coaxing answers from the shyest and smallest, but drawing from confident young Stella bright quick replies.

More than once she answered questions he put to others, eagerly stepping forward, and holding herself with a proud grace, which she knew was one of her greatest charms. Ringing in her head was the one thought, 'He will give me the best prize, and everyone will envy me!'

At last he bade them all sit down, and calling a little chubby lass to him, he made her his carrier of some parcels to different girls with a few kind words of praise. Stella waited in amaze, but told herself the best were being kept for the last—as she played nervously with a book on her knee. Then when all the parcels were given, the great man turned and looked at the beautiful girl, and said gravely—

'I am going to write you a few words, my child, and if you study them well, I hope they may prove a prize of value.'

He took a gold fountain-pen from his pocket, wrote for a few moments and signing the words with his valuable signature, gave his little messenger the paper. She carried it to Stella, and in a sudden teasing mood held it behind her back.

'Aren't you proud,' she said, 'to have his writing? But he kissed me!'

There was a general laugh, as Stella opened the paper and read—

'God gave thee gifts! Take care,
And see that in thy hands
Those blessings rich and rare
Are used as He demands!
Forget thyself, and know,
When giving from thy store,
God's blessings thereby grow—
And others love thee more!'

The child looked up, with hot shamed cheeks, but she only met a kindly tender smile, and somehow she found herself whispering, 'Thank you, sir,' and then he took her hand and said, 'God bless you.'

So Stella was a proud girl after all, but it was the right sort of pride then in being chidden and helped by a good man.—'Child's Companion.'

A Narrow Escape.

The news of a shark being in sight spread like wildfire through the ship, and soon a large company, including Mrs. Mortimer, the captain's wife, and their children, were gazing anxiously over the stern at the dreaded monster, which was now just below and swimming slowly around.

'Jackie, my boy, do not climb up the rail; you might fall,' cautioned his mother, anxiously noting the intense eagerness of the little fellow to get to the top and look right down upon the fish. 'William, do not let go your hold of him.'

'No, mother; I've got him tight,' replied her son.

'Now, look out, boys,' said Mr. Fuller, pushing through the crowd; 'let's have a chance to catch him. Make room, please.' And the officer, with a long piece of ratline, to the end of which was fastened a large hook baited with a piece of pork, made his way to the taffrail and lowered the line over the stern.

Jackie stretched over as far as he could to watch the great brown creature as it swam slowly up to the bait and rubbed its nose against it. He had never seen so large a fish before. It seemed to exercise some sort of spell over him, and he found it almost impossible to withdraw his gaze from it. His brother seemed almost as fascinated as himself, and in his excitement relaxed his grip of Jackie.

At last hunger overcame all the shark's scruples, and, turning right over on its back and exposing a white stomach, it opened its enormous mouth and swallowed the bait. Instantly Mr. Fuller gave a quick and powerful jerk, and the shark was securely hooked.

Scarcely, however, had this been effected when, in his wild excitement at witnessing the struggles of the great creature, Jackie seized the rope which held it, but this being suddenly paid out by Mr. Fuller, who was anxious to play the fish for a little while, the child was dragged over the taffrail, and in a few moments was in the water.

'Oh, my child, my child! save my child!' shrieked Mrs. Mortimer. 'Oh, God, in mercy save my child!' And the distracted lady made an attempt to jump into the water, but was prevented.

The excitement was intense, as may be imagined.

Mr. Fuller, however, had grasped the situation in a moment. Shouting to the men to get the boat lowered as quickly as possible, and making the line which held the shark well fast to the taffrail, he threw off his coat and in another moment was sliding down the rope. Just as the body of the little boy rose for the third time he seized it, and then, having gained the shark-line again, he held firmly on to it and waited for assistance.

The line quivered and shook with the weight of the young man and the violent struggle of the huge fish. Meanwhile the fin of another shark was observed to be moving towards the struggling man, and the excitement became still more intense.

The splashing made by the hooked shark would keep the newcomer off for a time, but

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* * *

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this could not continue much longer, for the fish was becoming exhausted, and then the other shark would attack the two in the water.

'Give me the end of the main brace quickly!' shouted the captain, and this being handed to him, he made a bowline and lowered it over the rail.

'Get into the bowline, Fuller, if you possibly can, and we'll pull you up; we'll not wait for the boat.'

'All right, sir,' came the cheery voice of the brave young officer.

With great difficulty Mr. Fuller managed to get into the bowline with the child in his arms, and the order was given to pull carefully up. The shark, seeing that its prey was escaping, made a furious rush and a leap, its nose just touching the second officer's foot. Then, falling heavily back into the water, it swam away, evidently much disgusted with the failure of its attempt.

Mr. Fuller, with Jackie, were landed carefully upon deck amid loud cheers.

'God bless you, Fuller! I can never forget this!' exclaimed the captain. Then, turning to the happy crowd of rough but kindly seamen around, 'Men, let us thank God, who of His abundant mercy has spared two precious lives!' And then, whilst little Jackie was being taken down below by his mother and sister, the good husband and father, with uncovered head, knelt down upon the deck and lifted up his voice in thanksgiving and praise to God who had restored his son to him in safety.—From 'The Voyage of the "Stormy Petrel,"' recently published.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

(By James Russell Lowell.)

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
'Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it, and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.'

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

'For Christ's sake, I beg an alms;'—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said: 'I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!'

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him, glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.'

But One Chance.

The path of life can never be retraced. We shall never go this way again. If we go wrong we cannot undo what we have done. If we waste this life there is no other life which can supply its place.

This fact makes this life very important. We hold our fate in our own hands. We must act so long as we live, and we must meet the consequences of our acts. And these consequences not only affect ourselves, but affect others. The decision of a passing moment may bind us and others to life's latest hour. The lightly spoken may tell upon our destiny when time shall be no longer.

How important, then, that we walk carefully, wisely, seriously, and sincerely in the sight of Him to whom we must give account.

'How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow,
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak and do.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

Nature Never Wastes Anything.

Nature never wastes anything. We hear folks speak of them who smoke, wasting their money. Of them who drink, wasting their time and money, only it is evil instead of good. You may misspend your money, and misspend your time, but nature will compel you to take something in return, even though it be a curse.—T. H. Evans.

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We will give another batch of names in the Honor Roll again. See if you can't get your on.

The January Number will even surpass the Christmas Number, and will also have a special cover. Send in your order right away. Cash in advance, at rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once, just as soon as you remit for the first. Everyone will valuethis as a New Year's Card. Many will take half a dozen straight to send to friends in the Old Country.

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LITTLE FOLKS

An Antelope for a Pet.

Tom.—How would you like an antelope for a pet Totty? The Reed's had one out in Africa and they say nothing could be more amusing than to see this antelope with their dogs.

Totty.—What did the antelope do?

Tom.—The dogs and the antelope were all very good friends in the stable together; but when they got out of doors the dogs' one idea seemed to be to chase the antelope, and they used to go tearing round the compound after it.

THE DOGS CHASED THE ANTELOPE.

Phil.—Did they ever catch it?

Tom.—Never! The antelope was too fleet-footed for them. One day, however, a sad thing happened to the antelope—it strayed into a neighboring compound, where there was a fine plot of green peas, and these looked so tempting that the antelope was obliged to eat them.

Phil.—I know the end of your story Tom. Mr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Robinson came out with a gun and shot the animal, and it died there and then.

Tom.—You are very clever, Phil; but that is not my story at all.

Meta.—Phil, be quiet! I want to hear Tom's story.

Phil.....Go on, Tom; it won't be as good as mine, I know.

Tom.—Perhaps not; but mine is true. Well, the owner of the peas saw the antelope, and not knowing it was any one's pet, he threw a stick at it to drive it away. He aimed too well, for the stick broke the poor beast's leg.

Totty (anxiously).—Did it die, Tom?

Tom.—Wait and hear. It managed somehow to get back to the Reeds' house, and when Mrs. Reed saw it she found out at once that its leg was broken. So she sent for the veterinary surgeon.

Totty—Oh, Tom, what does that long word mean?

Tom.—It means the doctor for animals; he came and set the antelope's leg, and bandaged it up, and told Mrs. Reed the bandages must always be kept damp, so she used to get up in the night to damp them, and she did all in her power to make the antelope's leg well again.

Phil (triumphantly)—Now, Tom, it is my story after all, only you are dragging it out. The antelope did die—now didn't it?

Tom (firmly).—No, Phil, it did not. I believe it is alive at this very minute. But the leg never set, it wasted away, and the antelope had to manage with only three.

Meta.—I think it had almost better have died; it must be so sad for an antelope, which is always so quick and joyous, to be obliged to drag about on three legs.

Tom.—Meta, you are wrong. This antelope managed, somehow, to get about as quickly as ever, and to enjoy life as it did before. As for the dogs——

Totty.—Did the Reeds let their dogs chase it as they used to do?

Phil.—I expect the dogs were shut up when the antelope came out for a limp.

Tom.—I can't make you children understand that the antelope could run and spring as well as ever. The old games with the dogs used to go on, and Colonel Reed told me that he would never have believed if he had not seen the way that three-legged quadruped would bound along the grass, and never once let the dogs come up with it.

Totty.—I know dogs can run on three feet. Don't you remember Pepper used to do it, and I used to think he had hurt his foot, but he hadn't. He did it because he liked it.

Meta.—How fond the Reeds must be of animals—they seem to have had every sort of pet.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

A Walkin' in the Corn.

'I think the very mostest of my Hepsy Jane of all the dollies I've got,' said little France to her mother, as she sat counting over her treasures of 'Christmas past.' 'Seraphina's lovely, and Lauretta, she's buteful. But my darling Hepsy Jane! I just love her best of all.'

And who was Hepsy Jane? Dear grandma's gift to the sweet, cunning grandchild who brightened her rooms from top to bottom with her bird-like snatches of songs. She rushed for kisses whenever she and her darling brother Harry came to cheer grandpa and grandma in their quiet home.

Hepsy Jane was a corn doll, all made of corn husks, her very self and all her clothes. Her parasol had a hooked and twisted handle. Her broad sash was painted blue, and fastened with a row of round-headed gilt pins in front. Her bows were blue on her sleeves and breast, and on the top of her corn-husk hat. But although made of husks, she was not at all rough or coarse, but the neatest and finest looking doll one would wish to see.

In Hepsy Jane's hand, too, when she went travelling alone to little France, she carried a note of introduction from grandma, which, if it had been August instead of December, would very likely have been written on husk note-paper. As it was, birch bark had to do instead. This note of introduction pleased France next best to Hepsy Jane herself. It said:—

HEPSY JANE TO LITTLE FRANCE.

I went a walkin' in the corn,
I caught its rustle in my dress;
The silky tassels from its ears—
I stole them for each auburn tress!
A walkin' in the corn.

My hat and parasol and cape
Have caught the husky rustle, too;
My sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—
I caught their glow, I'll whisper you,
A walkin' in the corn.

So come with me when fields are ripe
To pay me for this Christmas call,
And both together we will find
Dresses and parasols and all,
A walkin' in the corn!

—Julia P. Ballard, in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

When Bedtime Comes.

It seems too bad that every night
the clock strikes half-past six,
And Nurse says, 'Bedtime now, my dears, come, put away your bricks;'
Yet you can hardly see the hands move round that great, white face—
They must be very patient, always moving at that pace.

What a happy day it's been! It hardly seems the same
That Tottie broke his horse and cried, and said we'd spoilt the game:
And Nurse let us make toast for tea, to comfort him she said;
And now the cuckoo clock has struck, and says it's time for bed.

When nurse went for the lamp to-night, we said we would explore,
Though really we're forbidden to pass the red-baize door;
For children make a noise, they say, and I suppose we do—
We love a game of Blind Man's Buff and Fox and Geese, don't you?

We did not get so very far, for Nurse came back again,
And said we'd broke the Nursery rule, and wished she kept a cane.
She's sitting by the fire-place now, and mending Baby's socks,
And next she'll sew a button on, and finish our new frocks.

The passage lamp is turned down low, now we're tucked up in bed,
But in the nursery fender the cinders glow so red,
I can just see them through the chinks—my bed is next the wall—
And every now and then they make a sleepy noise and fall.

When we're grown up, we say, we'll not have bed times any more,
And we will play at hide-and-seek beyond the red-baize door.....
How softly Baby breathes!—Oh, dear! my eyes will shut so tight;
I think I must be going to sleep, and so—and so—Good-night!

—'Temperance Leader.'

A Child's New Year Hymn.

Matt. vii., 14.

As the New Year I begin,
Keep me from the paths of sin,
Living near Thee day by day,
Walking in the 'narrow way.'

In the morning when I rise,
Guide me ever with Thine eyes,
So that in Thy fear I may
Choose the 'strait and narrow way.'

Make me teachable and mild,
Obedient as a little child,
Gentle even when at play,
Because I'm in the 'narrow way.'

Let me never turn aside
To speak with anger or with pride,
Thou, Lord, hearest all I say—
Keep me in the 'narrow way.'

All throughout the coming year
Give me Thy grace, O Saviour dear,
That I, a little child, each day
May follow in the 'narrow way.'

—S. A. Hoare.

Do You Take a Weekly Paper?

Your local weekly, of course, but you need something besides that, and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' exactly fits your needs. 'An independent, fearless and forceful newspaper.' Latest news of the World, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Questions and Answers, valuable departments devoted to farm, garden and allied interests. Something for every member of the family. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. One dollar a year. May be clubbed with the 'Messenger,' the two to one address for only $1.20 instead of $1.40. The 'Canadian Pictorial' may be added to such a club for only 50 cents, making only $1.70 for the three papers, well worth the regular price of $2.40.

N.B.—A fascinating new story, entitled 'In Pursuit of a Phantom,' by E. Everett Green, author of 'The Conscience of Roger Trehern,' 'The Percivals,' and other popular books, has just started in the 'Witness.' New subscribers who mention this story will receive back numbers as long as they last, so that they will get the opening chapters.

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live about a half-mile from B., on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. I have three brothers, a sister, and a father living. My mother is dead. My father owns a large number of cattle and horses. B is not a very large village. It consists of a store, a gospel hall, a shed, a blacksmith shop, and about ten houses. I am a boy eleven years old, and will be twelve in January. There is going to be a Christmas tree in B. at Christmas.

I go to school, one mile east of B., and am in the Senior Fourth Book. We have a good teacher, and it is not very often that he is cross. There are some good drawings in the Correspondence Page, and some that are queerly drawn.

I saw quite a few riddles in the 'Messenger,' and tried to answer them. I will send in some riddles:—

1. What houses are the easiest to break into?

2. When is a man like grass?

ARTHUR C. PARKER.

[Your other riddles have been given, Arthur. Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, and have two sisters and no brothers. I think I can answer some riddles. The answer to Ernest Johnston's is one has to be made before it is cut, and the other has to be cut before it is made. The answers to Greta Harlow's are: 1. The road. 2. Your teeth. I think I will close my letter with some riddles:—

1. When is a lady's dress like a chair?

2. Why is a pretty girl like a mirror?

3. Why is life the greatest of all conundrums?

FRANK HODD.

N. M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My father is a filer in a shingle mill at N. M. We have a cat called Topsey, a cow called Bessy, and a horse called Phill. I am thirteen years old and am in the fifth grade.

D. H. ATKINSON.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—Father shot two deer this fall and he could have shot three if the law would have let him. We have about a foot of snow here now, and it is still snowing. My father is sect on [illegible] on the C. P. R., there are two trains running here every day. We have two dogs, three cats, and no rats, and sixteen hens and one rooster.

ROLAND METCALFE.

G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like reading it very much. I live on a farm three miles from the Bay of Fundy. We can see Spencer's Island, and the copper mine. I go to school, and am in the fifth grade. I have a sister, and no brothers.

GLADYS L. DODGE.

C.P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday school, and like going very much. I cannot go to day school, because I have got a bad leg, and sometimes I cannot walk. I am 8 years old.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Santa Claus.' Violet Smith, M., Que.
2. 'Charles.' P. Robertson, R. P., P. E. I.
3. 'A Book.' Katie McLeod, P.M., N.S.
4. 'Cottage.' Mary A. Best (aged 10), A., Sask.
5. 'Baby and Doll.' Lena Grainger (aged 10) H., Ont.
6. 'My Pet.' Lila Lunam (aged 13), C. B., Que.
7. 'Sparrow.' Abram Fraser, L. C., N.S.
8. 'Our Summer House.' A. E. Carter (aged 13), C., Ont.
9. 'Holly.' Lydia E. Morrison, S., Ont.
10. 'Reindeer.' R. J. S. S., S., Ont.
11. 'House.' Mable Grainger, H., Ont.
12. 'Pears.' Willie Brooks (aged 10), B.C., Ont.
13. 'A Morning Ride.' Everett Howat (aged 12), T., P. E. I.
14. 'A Horse.' Maud McDonald, P.A., Sask.

The answer to A. P. Smith's riddle is a glove. I will send in this riddle: What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp.

FREDERICK R. BURFORD.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a large farm, and remain at home all the time, and do my share of the housework. My brother is an expert mit maker. We have a large Sunday school, all the girls get the 'Northern Messenger,' and are highly pleased with it. My sister and I go for the cows in the summer time.

One night we started at our usual time. We had to go through a small thickly-wooded piece of bush. When we were about half way through we heard a fearful cracking in the bush quite near the path. We got such a scare we did not stop to investigate, but heard afterwards that it was a bear. We never cared to go for the cows again.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a dog named Rover. He is a very smart dog, and knows a great many tricks. He will bark and shake hands when he is hungry, jump over a chair, and sit on a chair with his fore paws on the back of it. I have also two cats, and a chicken named Silverneck. I have read a great many books. I will close by answering Grace Darling's riddle: If a locomotive ran over a dog, what would stop a waggon? Ans: His tail.

ROSENA C.

OTHER LETTERS.

R. J. S. S., S., Ont., answers Greta Harlow's first riddle—a road—and asks a riddle already given. This correspondent is going to give two recitations at the Christmas tree concert.

Helen A. Fulton, S., Ont., gives the answer to Bessie M. Clarke's riddle—a cord of wood—and to Greta Harlow's second one—our teeth. She also asks this question: When is butter like Irish children?

B. J. McDougall, B., Ont., answers Ethel M. Joliette's question—a bear—but the two riddles she sends have been already asked.

Willie Scott, W., Ont., answers Dorothea Evison's Bible question correctly, all except the last number, which was slightly wrong. The answer is that there are in the Bible 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, and 773,746 words.

Hazel Latimer, A., Ont., is a little girl who says she has 'justed moved' to her new home, and we are glad to hear she likes it.

Mary Close, K., Man., sends in a question that has, however, been asked before. She is quite a new member of the circle, and we are glad to welcome her.

Morley Butler, W., Ont., sends in two riddles, but as so many others do, he forgets to enclose the answers.

Ethel Smith, C.B., Que., asks: What is it that you can not hold for ten minutes, and yet it is lighter than a feather? You did not get the answers right, Ethel; you will see some of them given to-day.

James Hill, H., Ont., sends in two riddles, but does not give the answers.

Sadie H. Becksted, E., Ont., gives six riddles, but they have all been asked before.

Annie M. Kedey, F. H., Ont., sends in two riddles, that have not been asked: 1. Why is a hungry man like a baker? 2. Which is the poorest letter in the alphabet?

Short letters have also been received from Sadie J. Goudie, I., Ont., Ernest D. McAuley, E. D., Que., and Grace Robar, W. H., N.S.

OUR NEW MESSENGER STORY.

'THE RED, RED WINE.'—A TEMPERANCE STORY BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

It is a source of much satisfaction to us to give our readers this powerfully written temperance story. The author was for years a champion in the cause of total abstinence, denouncing with voice and pen the traffic which is carrying woe into happy homes in this land, and in these days as well as in the England of the days in which the story tells. 'There is not one incident,' says Mr. Wray's son, 'which has not had its counterpart in the lives of those who at one time dwelt in the main street of the East Yorkshire village where the author spent his early life.

If in parts the story is tragical, the fault is with the drink, not the narrator, and there is brightness enough in the lives of the grand hero and the sweet little heroine to comfort us for their trials.

This new serial begins in this, the New Year's number, and will run for a little over five months, during which time some of your friends and neighbors not now taking the 'Messenger' will like to try it. Four half-year subscriptions, to start with the opening chapter, will be received for sixty cents if sent in on a form similar to the coupon given below.

....

Messrs. John Dougall and Son, Witness' Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for six months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial, entitled, 'Red, Red Wine.' I enclose fifteen cents.

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N.B.—SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Sunday schools that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it in clubs of ten or over for the six months for only ten cents per scholar. Show this to all Sunday school workers in your vicinity. They know the need and also the power of a thrilling temperance story.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 6, 1907.

God, the Creator.

Genesis i., 1-25.

Golden Text.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Gen. i., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 31.—Gen. i., 1-25.
Tuesday, Jan. 1.—John i., 1-16.
Wednesday, Jan. 2.—Job. [illegible] 1-21
Thursday, Jan. 3.—Job. xxxviii., 1-21.
Friday, Jan. 4.—Job. xxxv[illegible] 11.
Saturday, Jan. 5.—Ps. xix., 1-14.
Sunday, Jan. 6.—Ps. civ., 1-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

When Michael Angelo overlaid the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with frescoes that make its common plaster more precious than gold, he dipped his pencils into the first chapter of Genesis. Each successive panel matches its respective paragraph—the Separation of Light and Darkness; the Creation of the Sun and Moon; of Trees and Plants; of Adam; of Eve; and so on. The frescoes are indescribably majestic, but they fall short of the narrative which inspired them. That is unapproachable in literature or art. It is Divine.

If the immortal Florentine had drawn his inspiration from any other cosmogony than that of Moses, the Vatican ceiling would have been marred with the incongruous shapes of man's wild fancy and wilder fear. Dualism would have been there—a devil as powerful as God; or Polytheism—gods many and all in a wrangle, one pulling down what the other set up; or Pantheism, an eternal matter, insensate, yet evolving itself in various stages, the thing fashioned greater than that which made it; or such grotesque ideals of the universe as, for example, that of the Hindu with its pyramid of snake, turtle, and elephant, and triple disk.

Instead of all this we see on that lustrous roof the ineffable Jehovah in the form of a man, as the Bible itself must needs present Him to us—eternity upon His hoary brow, omniscience beaming in His eye, omnipotence in His outstretched arms, and infinite love in His whole mien. This majestic Father of the world is pictured as proceeding with the complacency of Infinity to hang His lanterns in the sky, to separate air, water, and land. Then He peoples each with creatures suitable to their respective spheres—their bodies cunningly adapted to ether, fluid, and terra firma respectively.

For a seventh time the Almighty 'Former of the Skies' spreads His hands in benediction over all His works, and in the seventh epoch there is cessation from creative activity.

This mosaic account of Creation is a miracle in words. Not to this present highly-cultured age, but back three thousand years, to the beginning of literature, must we look for the most satisfactory statement of the origin of things. There through the mists of human speculations, through rising and falling systems of philosophy, Genesis shines like a star ever ascendent. It is not attached to any system of geology, astronomy, or biology. So, as numbers of these have sunk in their turn, Genesis has never been submerged. The book may clash with an hypothesis, it never does with a fact. The narrative is elastic enough to take in all the modern discoveries of physical science, but presents a rim of steel to the vagaries of false science.

Whence came this phenomenal writing? From the genius of man? Then, why is not its equal found in the ancient literature of other nations apparently better situated to produce such a book than the petty and oft-captive Israel? Inspiration is the only adequate explanation of Genesis. The blessed intent of the book is seen by the most casual reader. It is a mirror to reflect the person and attributes of God; it answers, too, the question of the heart as to the origin of nature and of man. It deserves the alliteration, Simple, Sublime, Sufficient.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Michael Angelo's debt to Genesis.
   Frescoes fall short of narrative.
   Genesis unapproached.
2. Other cosmogonies in contrast.
   Dualism, Polytheism, Pantheism.
3. Picture of God, the Creator.
   Eternity, omniscience, omnipotence.
   The Father of the World at His work.
   Seventh benediction.
4. Mosaic account: Miracle in words.
   Satisfactory statement of origin of things 3,000 years old.
5. Only to be accounted for by inspiration.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The difficulty here is to know what not to teach. The paragraph is fairly packed with seed-thoughts. Selection is imperative. Matters of comparative unimportance, but which if once mooted might lead to time wasting debate should be omitted.

* * * *

The majesty of the mosaic account of Creation may well be shown by using the crude heathen cosmogonies as a background. The orderly and glorious progress of creation should prompt the exclamation, 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all!'

* * * *

God gave man a quit-claim deed to the world when He said, 'Take it, dress and keep it.'

* * * *

Man's dominion over nature was never greater than at the present. He is wresting her secrets and subduing her forces to his use.

* * * *

The dignity of man's position in nature, the variety, delicacy, and strength of his senses and faculties make one exclaim, 'O rich and varied man, thou palace of sight and sound.'

* * * *

Primary teachers have a fascinating task in discovering and banishing the crude and amusing notions about earth, air, sky, water, stars, etc., with which they find little minds packed. A taking object-lesson may be given by laying an orange on the table, and having an apple suspended with a cord revolve about the orange. Orange for sun; apple for earth. What makes day and night, the year and the seasons, may thus be illustrated. Earth may be described as a house, beautiful and comfortable, which God has built for His children—a cellar full of coal and other things we need. The carpet changes every season, so we shall not get tired of looking at it—from green, sprinkled with flowers, to russet in the fall, and white in the winter—a house hung with pretty pictures.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 6.—Topic—Beginning with God, and continuing with Him. Gen. i., 1; John i., 1-14; xv., 4-7. (Consecration meeting.)

The Glory of Drudgery.

Waitin' fer a train to-day, I couldn't help noticin' the shiftin' engine, 'nd how hard 'twuz workin'. 'Twuz puffin' here 'nd tuggin' there, 'nd never standing still for five minnits. 'Nd it never got outside the yards either. Jest back 'nd forth, on the same lines of rails, gettin' trains ready fer other engines to take out, allers in the thick of things, never runnin' out through the fields 'nd woods or acrost the river bridges or over the hills, like the other engines—my! 'twuz like a parable of some folks' lives, allers doin' the hard work in the hard places.

'There ain't no glory in bein' a shiftin' engine. No fast runs, 'nd no record-breakin' hauls—jest makin' up trains so's they kin start out right. Seems to me there's lot of men 'nd wimmen—specially wimmen—jest like that, doin' common things day in nd' day out, 'nd gettin' no glory nor credit out of it all. Folks praise a great man, 'nd fergit the mother that started him out right. They admire the head of a concern, when it's the quiet partner or the gray-haired clerk that keeps things goin' straight. The engine that goes speedin' along, over a clear, open track, with the hull continent ahead—that's the engine fer them, every time!'—Selected.

How can mortal man expect to perform Sunday school work without careful preparation and training? The teacher should study the lesson until he is brim full of it; should study it not only until he knows it, but until he knows that he knows it. Then and only then will he be prepared to teach his pupils and hold their interest.—'M. C. Advocate.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Greatly to His Advantage.

If a nice canvasser comes to your door get his name and address, say what he is handling, and send it to us, and we will send you free of charge a copy of the new picture paper, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' or ask the canvasser to write us himself. He will hear of something greatly to his advantage. We want boys to sell by the dozen, and agents to canvass for annual subscriptions. The 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, Montreal, Canada.

Individual Subscriber's Advantage.

Individual subscribers are invited and recommended to take advantage of the clubbing rates, whereby they can have their selection of one or more additional papers at a merely nominal rate, and those who like pictures will find in the 'Canadian Pictorial' many that are worth hanging on the wall. See our remarkable clubbing offers elsewhere in this issue.

WARNING NOTICE. The very advantageous terms on which we were enabled to offer 'Messenger' subscribers the 'Canadian Pictorial' and the 'Northern Messenger' for one year for only seventy-five cents are about to be withdrawn by the Pictorial Publishing Company. As already indicated, the low price of the 'Pictorial' was for introduction purposes merely. We therefore give notice that after January 15th the price for the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' for a year each will be one dollar for the club. BETTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE 75 CENT RATE WHILE IT LASTS. Address all subscriptions to John Dougall and Son, publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Temperance

The Doctor's Ideal.

(Maggie Fearn, Author of 'That Maid of Monsons,' 'Tempted,' etc., in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.—'NO EQUIVALENT.'

Dr. Gordon was a handsome man, above the average height, and with a grace and suppleness of limb and ease of bearing which accorded well with his entire 'tout ensemble.' He was still a young man, too, though at the temples the fine brown hair was taking on a touch of silver. But his eye was as alert, and his step as buoyant as it had been ten years earlier; and, although, if a stranger were wishful to describe his personality, he would be spoken of as a man in his prime, well fashioned, and well preserved.

Upon a certain New Year's Eve the doctor, while paying his customary round of daily visits, called at the house of a patient with whom he had often enjoyed a wordy argument upon questions of social reform, placing Temperance prominently in the foreground. Not because Dr. Gordon was himself an abstainer, or advocated total abstinence to any exclusive extent among his patients, but because the lady was what the doctor was pleased to term a 'red-hot fanatic' upon the subject, and was accustomed to hold her own opinion even against the possible views of her medical friend and adviser.

After some talk upon different matters, the doctor, leaning in true English fashion, against the decorated mantelshelf, began to cultivate his predisposition for banter.

'To-night, Miss Sinclair,' said he, 'I intend to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in, in a manner which will shock you terribly.'

The tone, the curve of the lip, the merry twinkle in the eye, prepared her for battle. She smiled.

'I intend to brew a bowl of punch.'

'You don't expect me to say I hope you will enjoy it, Dr. Gordon?'

'Oh, no! I expect nothing of so commonplace a nature from you. Instead, perhaps, you wish it will make me so horribly ill that I shall renounce such abominations for the future.'

Miss Sinclair laughed a little.

''Tis of no avail to wish so vain a wish, doctor. I know you are much too cautious to exceed that strict limit beyond which you would risk the loss of your dignity and self-respect. You know and value your profession too highly to tamper to any excess with such dangerous poisons. You are too good a surgeon to venture to make your hand unskilled. You pride yourself on the deftness of your touch and the clearness of your brain.'

He moved his position slightly. Was it because of a passing uneasiness that the straightness of the words occasioned? Miss Sinclair was apt to be very definite.

'It is not habitual for me to take anything of the kind,' said he, partly dropping his jesting tone, and speaking more gravely. 'There are days when I touch neither wine nor spirits, but it is not because I am a believer in the total abstinence theory. What harm is a glass of beer, or wine likely to do any man in normal health? I know what you would say. You renounce it, and deny yourself for the sake of those poor senseless victims who take too much; but it's no good. You'll never convert the world to your way of thinking.'

'Doctor, I could not go to one of those poor senseless victims, as you term them, and urge them to give up what is ruining them, body and soul, all the time I was taking it in a lesser and modified degree myself.'

'Fudge! Miss Sinclair; why not?'

'I should feel as if I were treading on shifting sand, instead of firm ground—solid, unyielding, reliable earth. I should have no power when pleading with them. Practice must go with theory.'

'Oh, no. I can talk fanaticism when necessary, and go home and drink my glass very comfortably. Why not?' asked the doctor again.

'Because your 'vis-a-vis' will never see the fine boundary line of distinction. He will say, "You take the quantity you judge good for you, and I also have the right of drinking as much as I choose. It is only a question of degrees." So, you see, doctor, you would gain little by speaking—or I should, anyway—especially to people who will not argue with cool reason.'

'All very well, Miss Sinclair, but I tell you I have some patients to whom I read as stiff Temperance lectures as even you could wish. They get furious, and threaten to pitch me out of the window, and other lively things; but I only laugh at them for answer. But I give them thorough dressings for their folly, and a bottle of the worst physic my surgery contains.'

'And altogether see that they have a hard time of it? I admire some portion of your policy, doctor, but not all. You would do better to say to such, "Don't touch the drink? It is poison to you; it is poison to everyone when consumed as a beverage. Even taken in small quantities it interferes with the action of the brain and heart." Your profession would allow you to say all this, doctor; and you are neglecting your privileges while you remain silent.'

'Nonsense!' The doctor pulled at his moustache. 'I don't blame a man for spending his evenings at the public-house. He knows he will have plenty of jolly company, a warm welcome, and warmth, and light, and comfort—'

'Doctor, not a public-house! Why not say a good coffee tavern, or Temperance recreation room?'

'Because'—and the doctor's eyes flashed with genuine feeling—'I have never yet seen one of these places where any of the essentials I have just named can be obtained. As a rule, the coffee houses and Temperance rooms are dull and dirty, and miserable. There is nothing to tempt a man in, and you can't expect him to give up the comfort and warmth of the old public-house bar parlor, unless you offer him an equivalent. It isn't fair; and, moreover, the working man won't do it.'

Miss Sinclair looked thoughtful. She had no words ready which seemed quite to fit in after the doctor's sweeping assertion. It was too sweeping, and she knew it to be so; but she had an unpleasant picture presented to her mind of the unattractiveness of certain Temperance rooms in the very town in which she was living, and they certainly deserved the description Dr. Gordon had glibly given: 'Dull, dirty, and miserable.' The public-houses might not be models of cleanliness, but in some way they invariably managed to cast a certain attractive glamor about their surroundings which their rivals failed to imitate. Where did the fault creep in? Why could not coffee, and cocoa, and aromatic tea be made pleasing to the eye as well as refreshing and luxurious to the taste?

'I tell you what it is,' the doctor went on, warming with his subject, 'I don't blame a man for going to the public-house if he hasn't anywhere else as good or better to go. I should do the same myself.'

'I hope not, doctor. I should regret if, when I needed you, I had to send to a public-house for you.'

But he refused to smile.

'I should do the same myself,' he repeated, under similar circumstances. It's like this. Suppose a man has been hard at work all day, and when he goes home in the evening the children are all crying at once at the topmost maximum of their reserve lung power, and the wife is tiring herself to death over a tub of steaming soapsuds, where the children's dirty pinafores are getting their weekly bath, and there is a general confusion all the way round. These people haven't houses like yours and mine, Miss Sinclair, where screaming children could be shut away in an upper room, remote from sight and sound. Mostly there is but one small six-foot-square apartment, where all the family must herd together; and can you understand what that means? Do you wonder that a man turns his back upon such an alternative, and seeks the only place where he can be sure of warmth, and comfort, and companionship?'

'Doctor, if a man hasn't enough principle to keep him from going where his conscience condemns him, whatever the alternative may be, I pity him.'

'You may talk about principle till you forget how the word is spelled, and yet be no nearer to convincing a man or changing his habits. It's a moral impossibility, I tell you, to keep the average working man from his snug corner in his favorite bar parlor, unless you provide him with its equivalent in warmth and comfort, Miss Sinclair.'

And Dr. Gordon looked particularly obstinate. Miss Sinclair looked up with a sudden inspiration in her face.

(To be continued.)

The One Drawback.

A number of years ago a certain firm of four men in Boston were rated as 'A1.' They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt.

One of them had curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts in Dun's and was satisfied; but at the end these words were added: 'But they all drink.'

He thought it a good joke at the time; but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.

That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their description.—'Ram's Horn.'

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Hopes that drive away all sorrow,
And something laid up for to-morrow.

—'Temperance Leader.'

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Free and postpaid for one renewal and five new subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

WATCH FOR FURTHER PREMIUMS NEXT WEEK.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Secret of the Lord.

God sometimes shuts the door and shuts us in,
That He may speak, perchance through grief or pain,
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door and keeps us still.
That so our feverish haste, our deep unrest,
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in,
If 'tis His hand, shall we not wait and see?
If worry lies without, and toil and sin,
God's Word may wait within for you and me.

Selected.

The New Departure.

'Another year is but another call of God,
To do some deed undone and duty we forgot;
To think some wider thought of man and good;
To see and love with kindlier eye and warmer heart,
Until acquainted more with him, and keener eyed
To sense the need of man, we serve
With larger sacrifice and readier hand our kind.'

For some time things had not run at all smoothly at meal times in Mrs. Blossom's house. The lady was an excellent cook, perfectly neat, taking all things in general, and was almost invariably willing and sweet tempered. The three children who sat at the board were well trained and consequently well behaved.

The increasing annoyance, or whatever it might be, that arose at the table, and particularly at breakfast time, called forth irritating remarks on Mr. Blossom's part, who was a good provider, a kind husband and father, and a lover of home. Matters had grown so uncomfortable that at the close of the year the wife and mother sat herself down to puzzle out the affair. When the children were little she had 'kept a girl,' but they were trying to pay for their pretty house Mrs. Blossom's health was good, the doctor had said that household duties were beneficial when not too arduous, and with such help as was easily attainable from outside when needed, the work caused no undue fatigue or trouble.

Now, as the anxious housewife reflected with clouded brow, and asked herself, with a perturbed air, what could be the cause of the altered atmosphere of her home, especially as related to the table, she thought that, would the trouble but reveal itself, she would gladly begin the new year by trying to do away with whatever was acting as a disturbing element in her hitherto peaceful home.

Reflection brought two or three things to mind not particularly noticed when they happened. To begin with, when she sat down to breakfast that morning Mr. Blossom was trying to straighten the table cloth, which was just a little awry. Then he said, somewhat impatiently, 'I do wish, Lizzie, you would ever sit down to the table with the rest of us; it is very confusing to have you running to and fro half the breakfast time.' Yes, she really had been getting more and more into the habit of getting the family seated before the food was quite on, necessitating considerable hurrying to and fro before breakfast was fairly served. And yesterday Mr. Blossom had placed the 'peppers and salts' more evenly after taking his seat at the dinner table. He was rarely home at lunch. Then Susie, whose duty it was to fill the glasses, had forgotten to draw the water, and Mr. Blossom remarked petulantly that he believed before long he should have to do things himself, if they were to be attended to decently.

'Poor man!' soliliquized Mrs. Blossom, 'I really have been growing very negligent, almost slovenly, in my manner of conducting things in the dining room, and the joke of it is,' she added, brightening, 'I was the one who, a few years ago, he used to say had taught him love of extreme orderliness and quiet at meal times. Now, I am going to reform, nor shall I relapse into negligence again along this line.'

She was as good as her word. A little talk with the two young daughters and Sammy, was sufficient to let them understand that in the future nothing pertaining to the few simple rules of the table was to be overlooked. On New Year's morning, when the breakfast bell rang, Mrs. Blossom was waiting beside her chair to sit down. In the centre of the neatly, evenly laid table was a clear, shining glass of flowers. Everything in the way of food was on, the oatmeal steaming at each plate. With a swift, satisfied glance around, Mr. Blossom said cheerfully, 'Well, now, this is something like!' Susie quietly and promptly removed the oatmeal dishes as they were emptied. The warm plates were close at her father's hand. The meal passed off so pleasantly that every one hailed the new departure, which was in reality but a return to former rules of order and regularity. At dinner the same order was preserved. Meantime no mention had been made to the master of the house of the resolve taken. But one night when the year was only about ten days old, he remarked to his wife, 'Lizzie, I don't know how it is, but it seems to me your cooking improves every day. I always thought you excelled, but nowadays everything seems to be perfect.' When he was simply reminded that with the New Year a more orderly, careful way of serving had been inaugurated, he slowly said, 'That may be the difference, but what a great difference it is!'

The defect in Mrs. Blossom's household creeps into too many other well regulated homes. Will not other anxious, well meaning householders be warned by Mrs. Blossom's experience, and prevent dissatisfaction, and perhaps warrantable fault-finding, by observing the scrupulous neatness, orderliness and quiet that are inseparable from a truly well served meal? Now is a good time to begin.—'Christian Work.'

For the Busy Mother.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the above model on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

CHILD'S DRESS WITH BERTHA.—NO. 1064.

A dainty little frock for the small girl is here shown with yoke and bertha in round effect. The yoke is made of all-over embroidery, the skirt is full and gathered at the yoke and has ruffles of embroidery which are finished at heading with a band of insertion. The round bertha can be made plain or scalloped as desired, and edge finished with ruffles of embroidery to match the skirt. The sleeves are in one piece in long, or puff style, and are finished with insertion and ruffles. The design would develop nicely in handkerchief linen and the material can be hemstitched or embroidered when the ruffles are not used, making a very pretty finish, or it may be made plain if preferred. If heavier material be used ribbon would make a nice trimming.

The pattern is cut in six sizes, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years. For five years it requires 3 3-8 yards of material, 36 inches wide, with 11 yards of edging for skirt ruffles, and 5¼ yards of insertion.

A USEFUL APRON.—NO. 1078.

A practical design is here illustrated. The square bib is gathered to the belt, and straps with frills are brought over the shoulders and fastened to the belt at the back. The apron is finished at the bottom with a hem, and two rows of insertion might be added. The pattern is cut in three sizes, 24, 28, and 32 waist measure. For medium size it requires 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide.

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The Angel's Whisper.

A baby was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, 'Dermot, darling, Oh, come back to me!'

Her beads while she numbered
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.
'Oh, blest be that warning,
Thy sweet sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.'

'And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.'

The dawn of the morning,
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept for joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, 'I knew that the angels were whispering to thee.'

Samuel Lover.

On Growing Old.

Is it not sad to grow old? Say rather that it is a very difficult art, and one which few men have ever acquired. But where is he who understands his trade? Do the young know how to be young? The rich to be rich? Graciously to bear health is perhaps as rare as it is to bear illness. Each one dabbles in the business of others and gives them advice. To grow old is sad indeed, if what you want is to hold back the receding years, to keep your hair from growing white, your eyes from becoming dim, and the wrinkles from chiseling their way across your brow. But if from all these vicissitudes to which life subjects you, you draw a bit of wisdom, of profit, of goodness, to grow old is to become free and large. One of the most beautiful things in the world is an old person who, made better by experience, more indulgent, more charitable, loves mankind in spite of its wretchedness and adores youth without the slightest tendency to mimic it. Such a person is like an old Stradivarius whose tone has become so sweet that its value is increased a hundred-fold, and it seems almost to have a soul. —Charles Wagner in 'The Better Way.'

Religious Notes.

The 'Missionary Record' of the United Free Church of Scotland, noting the great success of the Church's foreign work, calls attention to an important fact. It says: 'In our two most manifestly successful fields, Manchuria and Livingstonia, the progress has been affected through the development of native evangelism. It is through the native Christian leaven that the mass is to be leavened. In all mission fields the creation of native free and aggressive evangelistic forces must be more definitely aimed at.'

Sunday, December 2, was appointed as a special day of prayer for India. The call says in part:

We would urge that in such united prayer an earnest confession of our own failure and a heartfelt reliance on the grace and comfort of the Holy Spirit take the first and foremost place. 'The Spirit helpeth our infirmities. For we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered.

As we think of the advent of our Lord our hearts go out to those 100,000,000 in India to whom as yet the glorious message of redemption has never been proclaimed. We shall pray that God will raise up Indian leaders, men 'full of power and of the Holy Spirit,' who will give up themselves for Christ's sake, and the Gospel's to declare unto their brethren the wonderful work of God.

Let us pray together, therefore, among the petitions:

That the spirit of unity and sympathy may increase among all Christians;

That a revival of spiritual life and missionary fervor may be experienced in every Christian community in India;

That the word of the Gospel may be carried forth to the millions as yet unreached;

That leaders may arise in the Indian Church who will give up all for missionary work.

Let us unite in thanking our Heavenly Father:

For the progress of the Gospel during the past year;

For the quickened zeal for missionary work among Indian Christians.

From Salurpeta, the oldest station of the Hermannsburg Missionary Society in the southern part of Telugu (founded in 1864), comes news which vividly portrays the great difficulties in India. Missionary Mannke reports that in 1905 he baptized 182 heathen in this one station, but that the people are in continued great distress, so that many children have to be fed in the school. The men are day laborers and are in a bad social and financial condition. During the last few years many of these people sowed their seed five times a year, but the rains did not come and the sprouting grain dried up. In all the Telugu stations of the Hermannsburg Missionary Society 757 heathen were baptized in 1905.

Having reached the age limit according to his Church's rule, Dr. Prochet has now retired from the Waldensian Evangelization Committee, a post he has filled with singular ability and devotion for the past 35 years. In commenting on the event of this formal retirement, the 'Italia Evangelica' says: 'It was a solemn, moving, and unforgettable moment; each of the speakers went forward and embraced Dr. Prochet, who was unable to repress his own emotion.'

This simple paragraph records a fact, but does not hint its significance. Dr. Prochet is one of the most remarkable men that the nineteenth century produced. His mastery of European tongues may be taken as an indication. At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Florence, some years since, he responded to the addresses of the delegates in eleven languages, and regretted his inability to command more tongues for the occasion. Quietly and unobtrusively he has gone about Europe and made frequent visits to the United States, working in the interests not only of the Vandois valleys, but of all truly Christian causes.

The American Board Society has four missions in the Sultan's domain. Three of these are in Asia, known as the Western Turkey Mission, including the western two-thirds of the peninsula; the Central, including the portion south of the Tauraus Mountains, and the north border of Syria; the Eastern, comprising the whole region of the upper Euphrates to the borders of Persia and Russia. Within the territory of these missions there are nearly 130 evangelical churches planted and growing in the soil, with a membership of over 15,000. Many of them have become entirely independent and self-supporting, others of them nearly so, and all are on the way. Each church is a city set on a hill; each represents brave struggle with difficulties on the part of the pastor and people. For the majority of professing Christians in more favored lands it would be hard to face the burden and self-sacrifice which are patiently met here.

Omitting as not connected with the Board the two fine institutions, Robert College at Constantinople and the college at Beirut, there are strategically located, each with a wide field and great influence, naming them in the order of their organizations as colleges: Central Turkey College, at Aintab, 1874; Euphrates at Harpoot, 1876; Anatolia at Marsovan, 1886; College for Girls at Marash, 1886; St. Paul's Institute at Tarsus, 1888; American College for Girls at Constantinople, 1890; International College at Smyrna, 1902. At three of these centres there are theological seminaries.

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